

added most villanously. Old Wharnccliffe bankrupt—not worth a clear dollar in the world."

"I am sorry to hear it. How have you involved yourself with him?"

"Involved myself? I have done no such thing. But don't you remember that will?—All the property they have in England, is leased out for a couple of generations, to pay old claims, and the Folly, over here, all they have in this country, is mortgaged to almost the full amount—only a few hundred dollars having been paid on it; and an execution has just been levied on the personal effects for other debts. They had some money left from their lease, which they have been travelling and living upon, but it is really all spent."

"It is very unfortunate, certainly, but I am glad to hear that you are not injured."

"Injured! haven't I been grossly cheated?—that will! Witherton, that will!—it was a rascally fraud—do you see it to it?"

"How does the old gentleman explain?" asked the doctor.

"There's the bite! he says it was done in a fit of the hyppo, when a man can't be expected to know what he's about."

"Well, well, Meadows, if you are no worse than you were before, you had better say nothing about it."

"Say nothing! be fooled in that way, and do nothing! Why, Witherton, I believe my wife was party to the deception—I do, indeed! I have made up my mind to be divorced!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, man!" said the doctor, scarcely able to restrain a laugh, as a full conception of the plot broke upon him; "you'll soon get over it. You may be mistaken, and even if you are not, you know that ladies are sensible in resorting to a little artifice, to procure themselves with husbands. You must forget it all. Mrs. Meadows is a woman of excellent sense, and will, no doubt, make you a very good wife."

But Meadows chafed on, pacing the floor at top speed. "I had almost forgotten to deliver," said he, stopping to present the packet; "it seems your good luck comes with my misadventures."

The doctor broke the seal, and taking out a paper, read it, while a flush of pleasure passed over his face; "I suppose you know the contents of this?" said he.

"Yes, and I believe the situation you are referred to, is one of the most honourable in the country, for a scientific man, and one that

yields several thousands a year. You will accept it?"

"Certainly. I am the more gratified by my election from its being altogether unexpected. It never entered my mind to be a candidate.—It is exactly what I would have wished for, if I had thought there was any probability of obtaining it."

"You are a lucky fellow," said Meadows, sighing, and turning to leave the room.

"I suppose I may receive it as my wife's marriage portion," the doctor could not help observing, with a smile, as he attended his visitor to the door.

The duties of his chair immediately called Doctor Witherton to the city, where he and his lovely and accomplished wife were soon regarded as among the most distinguished ornaments of the polished and intellectual circle which received them. Their house was left in the occupancy of Mrs. Harrington, who, with the assistance of the notable Mrs. Eyeset, in the domestic department, there established a boarding-school, by which she not only benefited the community at large, but realized a handsome competence for herself, and secured the education and comfortable establishment of her younger children.

"What has become of Meadows and his wife?" asked the doctor of an old neighbour, on his first visit to his former home.

"They went to house-keeping in the village, after the sale of the Folly. I suppose you have heard that it was sold to pay for itself. Old Mr. Wharnccliffe went with them, being disabled from going any where else, by a severe fit of the gout, which has not left him. Meadows, who was not on the best terms with him, would not be convinced that he was really ill—I don't know from what reason—until he had received a solemn assurance of it from your medical successor. He will be obliged, I suppose, to keep the old gentleman to the end of the chapter."

George Wharnccliffe, according to his design, scoured city after city in search of a rich wife, living, no one knows how, and has not found one yet.



SIR WILLIAM GOOCH, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street, in the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro who was passing. "Sir," said the gentleman, "do you descend so far as to salute a slave?" "Why yes," replied the governor, "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."